

ACTION-PACKED TALES OF REAL COMBAT!

BATTLE CRY

SECTION 8

A PINT OF
PLASMA!

The
METER
READER

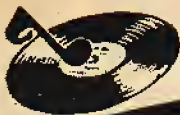
JULY '52
10c

IT TOOK PLENTY
OF GUTS, BLOOD AND
HEARTBREAK TO TAKE
THIS RIDGE... AND,
NO CRUMMY REDS
ARE GONNA KNOCK
US OFFA IT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



AMAZING! AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

NEWEST

Hit Parade
Break-Resistant
Vinylite Filled

RECORDS

18

CHOOSE . . .

- ☐ HIT PARADE TUNES
or
☐ MOST LOVED HYMNS
or
☐ HILL BILLY HITS

Brand New Discovery—6-IN-1 Vinylite BREAK-Resistant Records—Play Up To 10 Full Minutes

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

These tunes are CONSTANTLY kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

ORDER BY MAIL AT 500% SAVINGS!

REGULAR 10" RECORDS
Used On All Standard
78 R.P.M. Phonographs
and Record Players.

YOUR FAVORITE
GROUP OF SONGS!

\$2.98
ONLY
\$16.02 VALUE
18 TUNES!

YOU
GET

A \$16.02
Value
For \$2.98
You SAVE
\$13.04

Now, for the **FIRST TIME**—You can have the **BRAND NEW ALL-TIME HITS** and **POPULAR RECORDINGS**—18 **NEWEST All-Time Hits**, favorites in all—for the **AMAZING, unbelievable LOW PRICE** of only \$2.98. That's right, 18 **TOP SELECTIONS** that if bought separately would cost up to \$16.02 in stores, on separate records—**YOURS** by mail for only \$2.98! **YES**, you can now get 18 **HIT PARADE** songs—the **LATEST**, the **NEWEST** nation-wide **POPULAR TUNES**—or 18 of the most **POPULAR HILL BILLY** tunes—some of these tunes are not yet sold by stores—or you get almost a whole complete album of your most wanted **HYMNS**. These are tunes you have always wanted. They will give you hours of pleasure. You can choose from **THREE DIFFERENT GROUPS**—on newest, most sensational **BREAK-RESISTANT** records! These amazing records are 6-IN-1 records—6 songs to a record! They are brand new and play three times as many songs as regular records, and they play on regular 78 R.P.M. speed and fit all Type 78 R.P.M. standard phonograph and record players. These are all perfect, **BREAK-RESISTANT**, Vinylite records free from defects. **RUSH YOUR ORDER** for your favorite group **NOW!** **ORDER ALL THREE GROUPS** and **SAVE** even **MORE MONEY**, only \$2.98 per group.

SUPPLY LIMITED. That's why we urge you to fill in and mail coupon now! Play these 18 selections ordered, use the **NEW GIFT** surface saving needle, for 10 days at home. If you are not delighted, if you don't feel these are the **BEST SOUNDING** records for the price, return within 10 days for **FULL REFUND**. Don't delay, send \$2.98 in check or money order, or put three one dollar bills in the mail with this coupon and **SAVE POSTAGE—DON'T DELAY, MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

FREE!

If you **RUSH YOUR ORDER NOW** you get at **NO EXTRA COST** whatever a **SURFACE SAVING NEEDLE!** **ORDER 18 HIT PARADE TUNES** or 18 **HILL BILLY HITS** or 18 **MOST LOVED HYMNS** or **ORDER ALL THREE SETS FOR ONLY \$13.04**. **BUT SUPPLY IS LIMITED**, so order at once. **SEND COUPON TODAY.** Order now or Money-Back Guarantee.

18 HIT PARADE TUNES

Domine
Undecided
Cold, Cold Heart
Because Of You
It's No Sin
Don't Wander
I Got Ideas
Slow Poke
Tall Me Why?
Just One More Chance



Gry
Turn Back The
Hands of Time
The Little White
Cloud That Cried
Charmaine
Anytime
Jealousy
Shrimps Beals
Be My Life's
Companion

18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret
Why The Good Lord
Bless and Keep You
We Kiss
Give Me More, More, More
Music Makin' Mama
from Memphis
Baby, We're Really in
Love
I Wanna Play House
With You
Hey, Good Lookin'
The Old Is Cut The
Mustard



Let's Live a Little
Always Late
Cryin' Heart Blues
Cold, Cold Heart
Somebody's Been
Stealin' My Time
Slow Poke
Let Old Mother Na-
ture Have Her Way
Crazy Heart
Mom And Dad's
Waltz

18 MOST LOVED HYMNS

The Lord's Prayer
O God, Christian
Soldier
What a Friend We
Have in Jesus
Church in the
Wildwood
In the Garden
Faith of Our
Fathers
There Is Power in
The Blood
Learning On The
Everlasting Arm
Since Jesus Came
Into My Heart



Trust On Me
Jesus Keep Me Near
The Cross
Safely And Tenderly
O God, Christian
Soldier
A Mighty Fortress
Sun Of My Soul
Just A Closer Walk
With Thee
It Is No Secret
What God Can Do
May The Good Lord
Bless And Keep
You

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

These tunes are CONSTANTLY kept up to date—only the newest tunes are kept on the list.

MAIL COUPON NOW—10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

HIT TUNES COMPANY, Dept. 88,
316 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Gentlemen: please RUSH the 18 Top Selections along with 10 Day Money Back Guarantee. I enclose \$2.98 for each group of 18 selections with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied you will return my money.

☐ 18 Hit Parade _____ \$2.98
☐ 18 Hill Billy Hits _____ \$2.98
☐ 18 Hymns _____ \$2.98
☐ 54 Songs _____ \$7.98

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

PVT. LENNY BULLER WASN'T A COWARD, BUT HE CERTAINLY WASN'T A HERO! HE JUST DON'T BELIEVE IN TAKING CHANCES, AND HECK, A GUY COULD GET KILLED IN A COMBAT AREA... EASILY! SO THAT'S WHY HE WAS BUCKING HARD...BUCKING FOR A...

SECTION 8!



THE SHOOTING STARTED, AND YOU RAN, LENNY! NOW YOU LIE COWERING BEHIND A ROCK, LOOKING SCARED...STIFF...



BUT ARE YOU REALLY, LENNY? OR WAS IT JUST PART OF A WELL-PLANNED ACT?

HUHHN! THOSE SUCKERS THINK I'VE REALLY GONE OFF MY ROCKER! A FEW MORE SHOWS LIKE THIS ONE AND I'LL BE BACK IN THE REAR AREA... MAYBE EVEN IN JAPAN!



LETTERING BY

LATER...

I TELL YA, SARGE,
BULLER'S JUST NO GOOD!
THE GUY'S ALL YELLA!
LOOKA THE WAY HE
LEFT US UP ON THE
RIDGE WHEN WE
NEEDED EVERY MAN!

I DUNNO, BILL! REMEMBER
IT'S HIS FIRST FEW
DAYS IN COMBAT!

REMEMBER HOW SCARED
YOU WERE THE FIRST TIME
YOU WERE ON THE LINE?
GIVE HIM A BREAK! SEE
HOW HE ACTS ON GUARD
TONIGHT BEFORE YOU
MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

SO THEY STUCK YOU OUT ON
GUARD THAT NIGHT... AND
YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF IT...

WOTTA JERK THAT SERGEANT
IS! THINKS HE'S GONNA MAKE
A REAL SOLDIER OUTA ME!
BOY... WOTTA JERK!

THE ONLY KINDA SOLDIER
HE'S GONNA MAKE OUTA ME
IS A SHINY-PANTS COMMANDO
IN THE REAR ECHELON!
ONLY A SUCKER STAYS UP
AT THE FRONT!

SO YOU WENT INTO THE NEXT PHASE OF
YOUR ACT... AN ACT THAT WOULD TAKE
YOU OUT OF THE RANGE OF BULLETS...

EIEEEE-EEEE!

BULLER! CUT IT OUT!
YA WANNA BRING A
WHOLE DIVISION OF
GOOKS DOWN ON US?

I CAN'T STAY
THERE... ALONE.
SARGE... I JUST
CAN'T!



IT'S OKAY, KID, I UNDER-
STAND! IT HAPPENS TA
THE BEST OF US! YOU'LL
GET OVER IT!

NAW HE WON'T,
HE'S **YELLA!** GOT
A STREAK UP HIS
BACK A YARD
WIDE!



YELLA! I'LL SHOW YA WHO'S YELLA, YA CRUM!
JUST 'CAUSE A GUY CAN'T TAKE COMBAT,
DON'T MEAN HE'S A COWARD!



SURE, KID, **SURE!** CRACKIN' UP
UNDER COMBAT DON'T MEAN
YER **YELLA!** YOU'LL SNAP
OUT OF IT!

GEE, I HOPE
SO, SARGE...
I HOPE SO!



C'MON, KID... BETTER
HIT THE SACK! BIG
ACTION T'MORROW,
Y'KNOW!

YEH...YEH! BUT WHY DID
YA HAFTA **REMIND** ME?
NOW IT'LL BE ON MY
MIND ALL NIGHT!

SURE, YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT...THOUGHT
WHAT YOU COULD DO THAT WOULD GET YOU
OUT OF DANGER...



OKAY, YOU JOES!
PULL UP, DIG
IN AND SIT
TIGHT!

THAT'S IT...**SIT TIGHT!**
THANKS, SARGE...THAT'S
THE GIMMICK I WAS
LOOKIN' FOR!



...AND AS SOON AS THE
BATTLE STARTS, I'LL BE OUTA
HERE... AND FER **GOOD!**



I TOLD YA THAT GUY
BULLER'S A COWARD!
WHERE WAS HE WHEN
TH' FIGHTIN' STARTED?

YEAH! MAYBE
YER RIGHT,
BILL... HEY,
LOOK!



IT'S LENNY! HE'S BEEN HIT! AN' HE NEVER
LET OUT A PEEP... JUST LAY THERE LIKE
A MAN! HAND ME YER FIRST AID KIT,
BILL, WE GOTTA FIX HIM UP!



I DIDN'T CHICKEN OUT,
SARGE! I GOT HIT AND
COULDN'T MOVE!

I KNOW, LENNY!
AN' DON'T WORRY,
YOU'RE GONNA
BE OKAY!



HEY, BILL, SCOUT
UP A JEEP... WE
GOTTA GET
THE KID TO A
HOSPITAL!

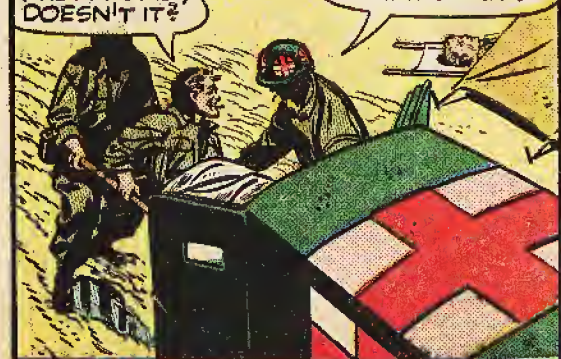
HOSPITAL! I KNEW
I'D GET OUT OF THIS
MESS! MAYBE I'LL
EVEN GET SENT
HOME NOW!



AT THE AID STATION, AN AMBULANCE PICKED
YOU UP.. AN AMBULANCE THAT WOULD TAKE
YOU TO A FIELD HOSPITAL... AND TO FREEDOM!

HOW LONG YOU FIGURE
I'LL BE IN THE HOSPITAL,
MEDIC? WOUND LOOKS
PRETTY BAD,
DOESN'T IT?

I'VE SEEN WORSE!
OUGHTA BE THERE
A FEW DAYS,
THAT'S ALL!



YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT,
SOLDIER! THEN YOU
CAN GET BACK
TO YOUR
OUTFIT!

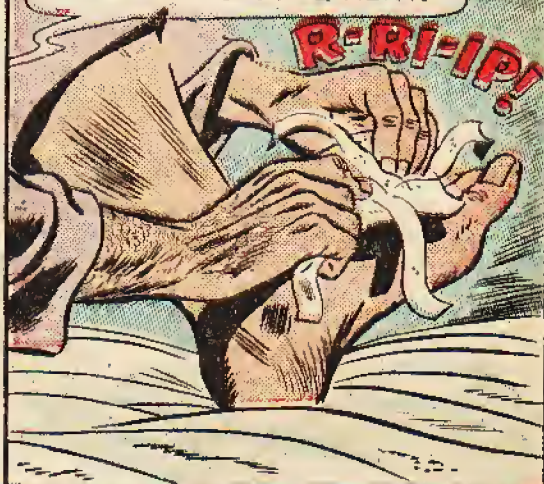
NUTS TO THAT,
DOC! I'M STAYIN'
HERE FER QUITE
A SPELL!



I GOTTA STAY HERE... I JUST GOTTA!
IF ONLY MY WOUND WOULDN'T HEAL
SO FAST! SAY... SURE, WHY NOT?



I'LL FIX IT SO IT DON'T HEAL! THEY
CAN'T SEND A GUY BACK TO THE
LINES IF HE'S STILL HURT!



SO YOU RIPPED THE BANDAGE OFF AND CAUSED
THE WOUND TO BLEED. BUT THE MEDICS ARE
JUST AS SMART AS YOU ARE, LENNY...

SAY, WHAT HAPPENED
TO THIS BANDAGE?
DID YOU TAKE
IT OFF?

WHO, ME? OF COURSE
NOT! MAYBE IT CAME
OFF WHEN I WAS
SLEEP IN! I WOULDN'T
TOUCH IT, DOC!



I KNOW YOU DID! AND I'VE GOT A
HUNCH WHY! BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE
SURE YOU DON'T DO IT AGAIN!



LARSON! WHITE!
HERE'S ANOTHER ONE
WHO'S BUCKING FOR
A SECTION 8!
DRESS THIS CLOWN
UP IN A STRAIGHT-
JACKET!

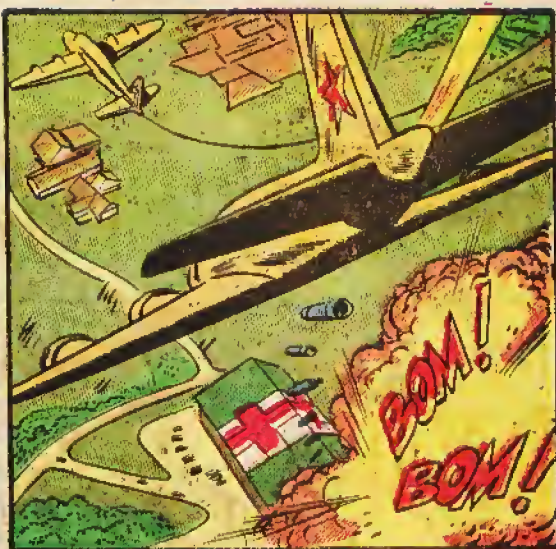


IT WAS EASY FOR LARSON AND WHITE...
THEY HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE WITH
YOUR KIND BEFORE!

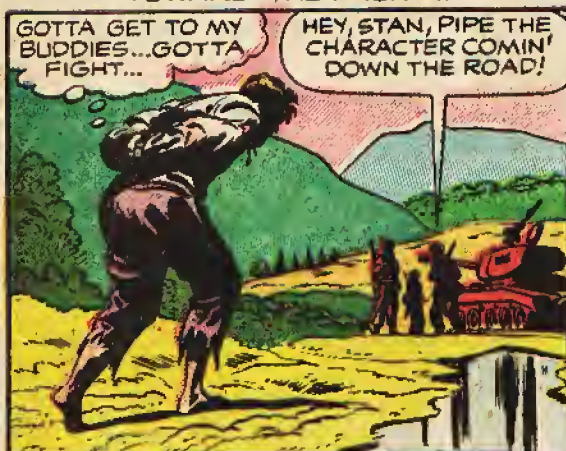
NOW YOU'LL STAY THAT WAY, YOU PHONY
HERO! STAY THERE UNTIL THAT WOUND
HEALS! THEN I'LL HAVE YOU BACK IN
THE LINES SO FAST IT'LL MAKE
YOUR HEAD SWIM!



SO YOUR PLAN BACKFIRED, LENNY... BUT THAT WASN'T ALL, FOR JUST THEN...



BUT BY SOME STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, YOU MANAGED TO SURVIVE THE WRACK AND RUIN, LENNY! AND NOW YOU FIND YOURSELF STUMBLING DOWN A KOREAN ROAD TOWARD THE FRONT...



ONE OF THE BIGGEST OBSTACLES TO AN ALLIED VICTORY WERE THE GERMAN U-BOATS WHICH ROAMED THE SEAS IN SEARCH OF THEIR QUARRY! THESE WOLF-PACKS ACCOUNTED FOR AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF TONNAGE DURING THE DARK DAYS OF 1942-43, AND UNTIL THE SEAS WERE CLEARED OF ENEMY SUBS, VICTORY COULD NOT BE OURS! THIS IS A TALE OF ONE PHASE OF THAT PROGRAM... A PHASE CALLED...

OPERATION: **EXTERMINATOR**



SINK THEIR SHIPS! LET THEM DROWN! THIS WILL TEACH THE YANKEE SWINE THAT IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN THEIR BOMBERS... TO WIPE OUT THE GLORIOUS DESTINY OF THE FATHERLAND!



MORTELLARO

IN THE OFFICE OF AIR OPERATIONS...

JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM HEADQUARTERS. OUR SHIPPING LOSSES IN THE BALTIC HAVE GONE UP AGAIN! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, ESPECIALLY SINCE WE'VE KNOCKED OUT THE SUB-PENS AT DIEPPE AND ST. NAZAIRRE!

THEN OUR JOB IS TO FIND SOME NEW BASE THAT THEY'RE OPERATING FROM... BUT WHERE?



AIR RECON HAS BEEN COVERING ALL THE BALTIC PORTS FOR WEEKS, AND REPORTS NO SIGN OF A SUB-PEN!

WELL, IT'S UP THERE SOMEWHERE... AND WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY IT!





IF IT'S NOT ANY OF THE OTHER BALTIC PORTS, IT'S GOT TO BE HAMBURG! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THOSE MISSING WOLF-PACKS!

BUT IT COULDN'T BE, SIR! THAT'S A RIVER PORT... THE ANCHORAGE IN THE ELBE ISN'T DEEP ENOUGH FOR A SUB-BASE!



WE'RE LOSING THOSE SUBS SOMEWHERE IN THAT AREA, SO GET SOME PHOTO RECONS ON IT RIGHT AWAY!

RIGHT, SIR!



AND SO, ON A HUNCH, OPERATION: EXTERMINATOR WENT INTO ITS FIRST PHASE...

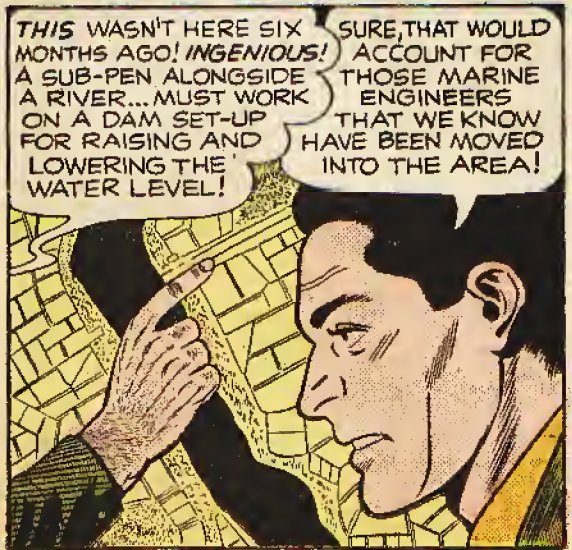
MUST BE A PRIORITY TARGET COMING UP... THEY WANT THESE PICTURES BACK, NO MATTER WHAT!



LATER... AT AIR INTELLIGENCE...

WELL, SIR, THE PLACE HASN'T CHANGED SINCE THE LAST PICTURES. SEEMS LIKE YOUR HUNCH WAS JUST A HUNCH... THERE JUST ISN'T ANY PLACE FOR A SUB-PEN IN THAT PORT!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... WAIT A MINUTE... THINK I'VE GOT IT!



THIS WASN'T HERE SIX MONTHS AGO! **INGENIOUS!** A SUB-PEN ALONGSIDE A RIVER... MUST WORK ON A DAM SET-UP FOR RAISING AND LOWERING THE WATER LEVEL!

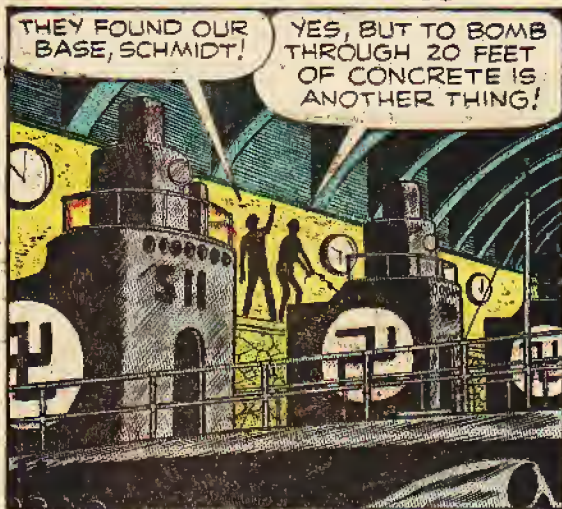
SURE, THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THOSE MARINE ENGINEERS THAT WE KNOW HAVE BEEN MOVED INTO THE AREA!



ONCE THE LOCATION OF THE SECRET BASE WAS FOUND, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO PUT THE SECOND PHASE OF OPERATION: EXTERMINATOR INTO THE AIR...

GENTLEMEN, YOUR PRIMARY TARGET FOR TODAY IS A SUB-PEN AT HAMBURG! YOU'LL HIT THE 1P AT 12:28, BOMB AT 18,000 FEET, AND THEN...

BUT THE GERMANS HAD PREPARED FOR THE AERIAL ONSLAUGHT...



THEY FOUND OUR BASE, SCHMIDT!

YES, BUT TO BOMB THROUGH 20 FEET OF CONCRETE IS ANOTHER THING!

AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

THOSE BOMBERS WEREN'T THE ANSWER! INTELLIGENCE REPORTS THAT PEN IS STILL OPERATING!

YES, SIR, WE JUST FOUND OUT THEY'RE REINFORCED WITH 20 FEET OF CONCRETE... EVEN OUR BLOCKBUSTERS CAN'T CLOBBER THAT!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! WE LOST MORE TONNAGE THIS MONTH THAN EVER BEFORE!

THE ONLY WAY IS FROM THE SEA, SIR! IT'S A CINCH! OUR BOMBERS CAN'T DO THIS JOB... AND SINCE IT'S GOT TO BE FROM THE WATER, I SAY, TURN THE JOB OVER TO THE NAVY!



... AND THAT'S THE JOB, MEN! ANY SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO GET OPERATION EXTERMINATOR ROLLING?

WELL, SIR, SINCE WE CAN'T GET IN THERE WITH SURFACE CRAFT, I'D SAY LET A SUB TAKE SOME FROGMEN IN AT NIGHT, AND LET THEM DO THE REST!

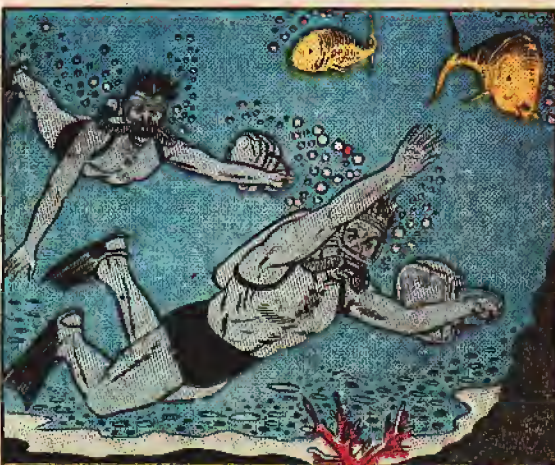
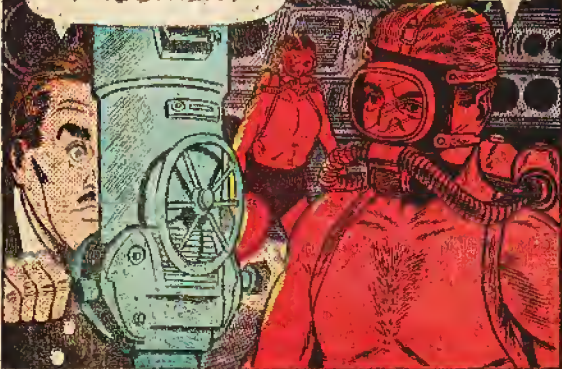
SURE... IF ANYBODY CAN GET IN THERE WITH EXPLOSIVES... IT'S THE FROGMEN!



AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

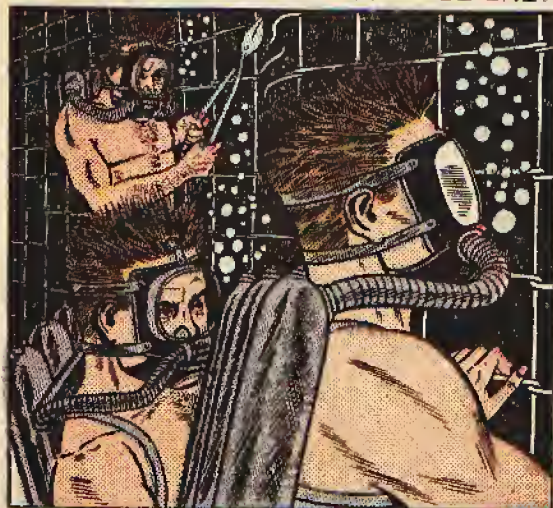
WE'RE OUTSIDE THE HARBOR, LIEUTENANT. WE'LL SURFACE SO YOU AND YOUR MEN CAN SHOVE OFF... THEN IT'S UP TO YOU, FROGMEN!

GIVE US TWO HOURS, SIR... WE SHOULD MAKE IT BACK BY THEN!



THE FROGMEN ROLLED OFF AND HEADED TOWARD THEIR TARGET... THE WELL-GUARDED SUB-PEN NEAR THE ELBE RIVER!

BUT THE APPROACH TO THE HIDDEN SUB-NEST WAS NOT A SIMPLE ONE!

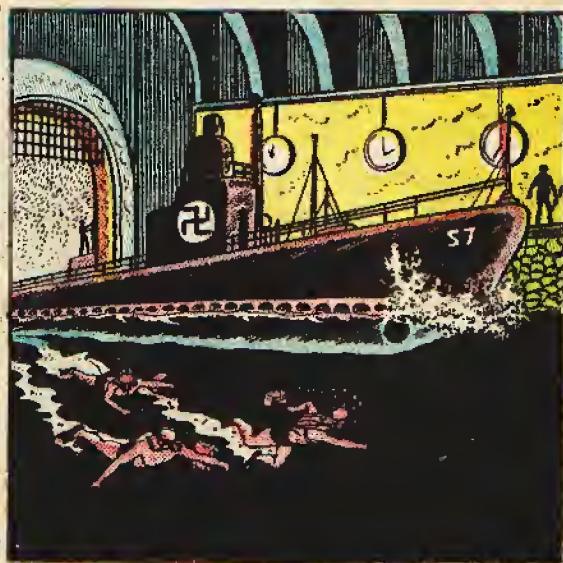
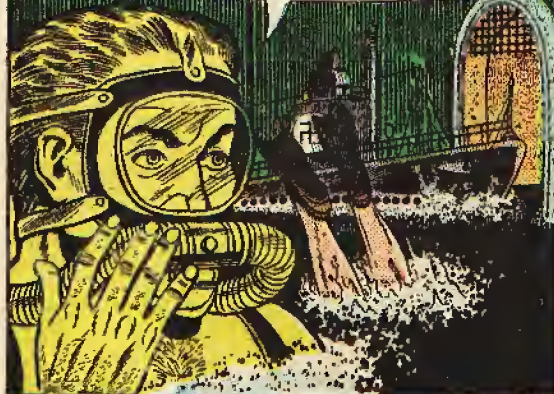


THERE IT IS, MEN! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT A RECEPTION COMMITTEE WAITING FOR US! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE THAT PEN...BUT HOW?

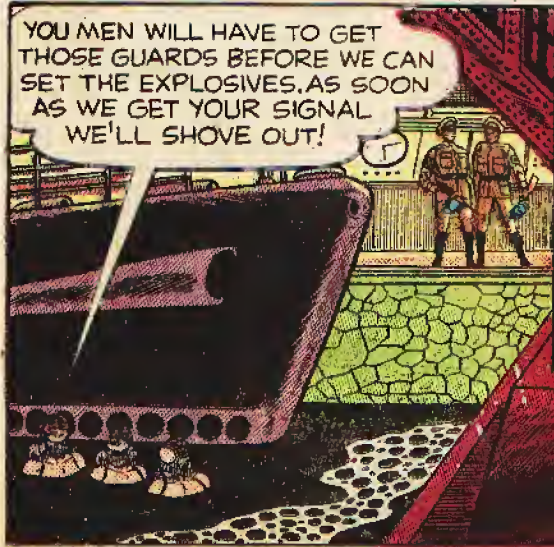


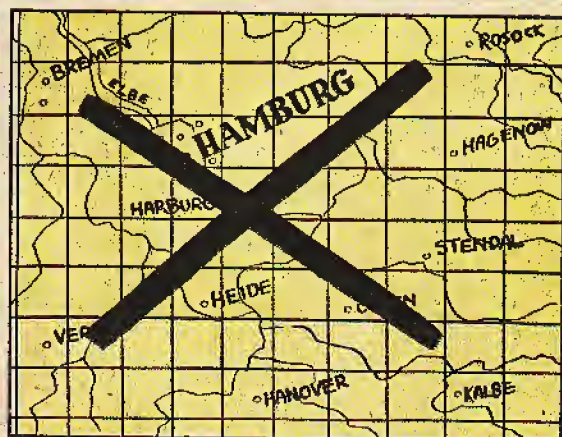
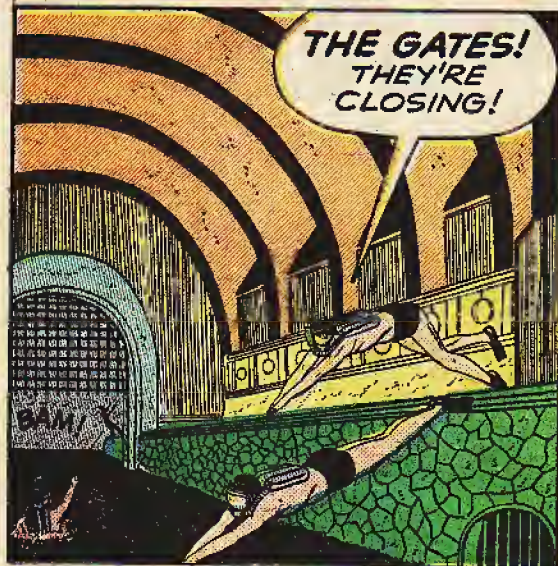
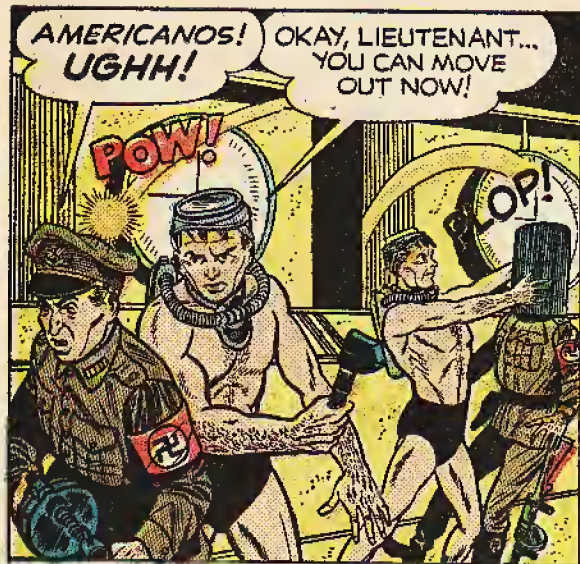
AND AT THAT INSTANT...

HERE'S OUR TICKET TO THE PARTY, MEN... WHEN THEY OPEN THOSE GATES TO LET THE SUB IN, THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A COUPLE OF HITCH HIKERS... US!



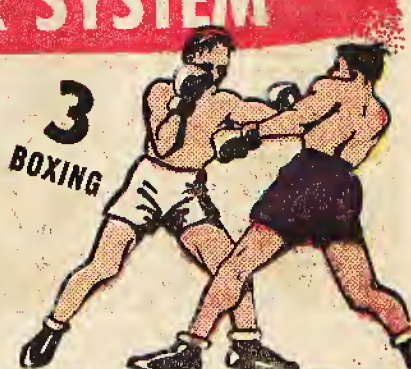
YOU MEN WILL HAVE TO GET THOSE GUARDS BEFORE WE CAN SET THE EXPLOSIVES. AS SOON AS WE GET YOUR SIGNAL WE'LL SHOVE OUT!





...AND SO ENDED THE U-BOAT MENACE IN
THE BALTIC...THANKS TO A HANDFUL OF
FROGMEN...WHO WERE THE EXECUTORS OF
OPERATION: EXTERMINATOR!

When You Have To Defend Yourself Do What The EXPERTS Do! USE THEIR 3-POWER SYSTEM



OVERCOME ANY ENEMY

**No matter how big he is
or how small you are!**

Now!

Discover from experts this quick way to defend yourself—anywhere—anytime!

HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one triple-action package. This new fast-moving 3-power system will make you tough to conquer, or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

*Gain Respect
for your
Manliness*

*Like Getting
Personal
Instruction*

*Act Now,
Be Prepared!*

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallp! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Never again cringe or shy away from a bully. Imagine the wonderful thrill of confidence to know that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough and ready scrapping, deadly-efficient he-man you can be.

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. But you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want everyone to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price was made so low that everyone could afford to have these instructions. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books containing the 3-Power System. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2 if you act now!

JIU-JITSU
As taught to
Marines, "G"
men, etc.
50c

BOXING
K.O. Punching,
Scientific Boxing,
Muscle Building.
50c

WRESTLING
Police Wrestling,
Destructive
Holds, Punishing
Grips.
50c

**ALL THREE
ONLY 1.00**
If bought separately,
50c each

SEND NO MONEY

Makes us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW.

PICKWICK CO., Box 463, Midtown Station
Dept. MPS, New York 18, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

PICKWICK CO., Box 463, Midtown Station
Dept. MPS, New York 18, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of

☐ Jiu-Jitsu—50c ☐ Scientific Boxing—50c ☐ Wrestling—50c

(If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge)

☐ Enclosed And \$_____ Please send the books all charges prepaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges. (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

No C.O.D. to APO, FPO, or outside U.S.A.

The METER READER

LT. WOODY MILLER WAS HANDLING ALMOST A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF AIRCRAFT AND HE WASN'T HAPPY. IT WASN'T THE RANGE, THAT WAS ALMOST 3,000 MILES. IT WASN'T THE BOMB LOAD... THAT CAME TO ABOUT TWO AND A HALF TONS! IT WASN'T THE GUN POWER... FOURTEEN .50 CALIBRES GUARDED EVERY APPROACH TO THE BIG SHIP! WHAT DID HE OBJECT TO THEN? THE NAME... HE DIDN'T LIKE BEING CALLED... **THE METER READER!**

FLOCK ONE, THIS IS SHEPARD DOG FOUR! WE GOT YOU NOW SO JUST STAY IN FORMATION... NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

ROGER, SHEPARD DOG FOUR! WILCO AND OUT!

LOOK AT 'EM, LANG... **BEAUTIFUL**, AREN'T THEY? THAT'S THE WAY TO FLY... **ALONE!** WITH NOTHING BUT YOU AND THE SHIP AND THE SKY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A PILOT!

THAT'S ALL I **EVER** HEAR FROM YOU, MILLER! EVERY TIME YOU SEE ONE OF THOSE AIR SCOOPERS, YOU START COMPLAINING! PERSONALLY, I LIKE THE "HEAVIES"... PLENTY OF ROOM TO MOVE AROUND IN!

AND SO THE TINY JETS HERDED THE BIG BOMBER SAFELY BACK TO ITS OWN BASE... CHALK UP ANOTHER SAVE FOR THE FIGHTER BOYS!



AND IN THE INTERROGATION ROOM...

THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN!
THEY PICKED US UP
OUTSIDE OF HAMHUNG.
WE HAD ALREADY LOST
AN ENGINE TO FLAK,
SO WE WERE LIKE
SITTING DUCKS!

YEAH, IF
IT WASN'T
FOR THOSE
JET BOYS
YOU COULD
HAVE
SCRATCHED
ONE B-29!



IF YOU REALLY WANT TO FLY, COME ON
DOWN TO MY BASE AND I'LL SHOW YOU
A **REAL** SHIP! THAT CRATE YOU PUSH
AROUND IS NOTHING BUT AN OVERSIZED
TAXI CAB AND YOU'RE THE DRIVER!
NEVER YET MET A METER READER
WHO COULD HANDLE A
REAL HOT SHIP!



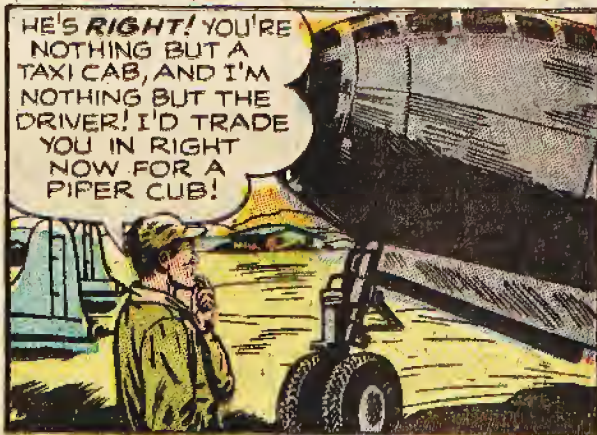
YOU MUST BE ONE
OF THE JET PILOTS,
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
AROUND THIS BASE
BEFORE! I'M THE
PILOT OF THE
B-29 YOU BOYS
BROUGHT IN! WANT
TO THANK YOU FOR
HELPING US OUT...
WE PILOTS GOTTA
STICK TOGETHER!

YOU CALL YOURSELF
A **PILOT**? NUTS,
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT
A **METER READER!**
ALL YOU DO IS SIT
BACK IN THAT
FLUSH-LINED CABIN
AND READ DIALS
ALL DAY...NOTHING
TO FLYING
LIKE THAT!



THE JET PILOT'S WORDS GOT UNDER
MILLER'S SKIN. IT WAS SOMETHING
THAT HAD BEEN BOTHERING HIM FOR A
LONG TIME, AND THE TRUTH HURT!

HE'S **RIGHT!** YOU'RE
NOTHING BUT A
TAXI CAB, AND I'M
NOTHING BUT THE
DRIVER! I'D TRADE
YOU IN RIGHT
NOW FOR A
PIPER CUB!



HEY, LIEUTENANT, I'VE
BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER
THE BASE FOR YOU!
THE C.O. WANTS TO
SEE YOU, BUT FAST!
C'MON, HOP IN AND
I'LL DRIVE YOU OVER!

WHAT...OH,
YES! SURE,
SARGEANT,
SURE! JUST
WANTED TO DO
A LITTLE
THINKING,
THAT'S ALL!

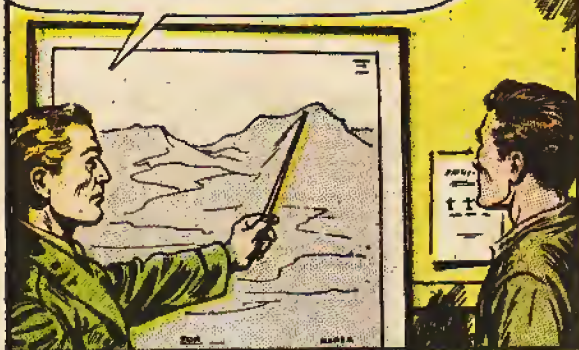


GOT A JOB FOR YOU
AND YOUR SHIP, MILLER!
WOULD HAVE LIKED TO
USED SOME JETS, BUT
THEY DON'T HAVE A
BIG ENOUGH BOMB
LOAD, SO I'LL HAVE
TO USE A 29!
CARE TO TRY IT?

YOU GOT
YOURSELF A
BOY, COLONEL!
ANYTIME THERE'S
A JOB FOR A
BOMBER THAT A
JET CAN'T HANDLE,
YOU CAN COUNT
ME IN ON IT!



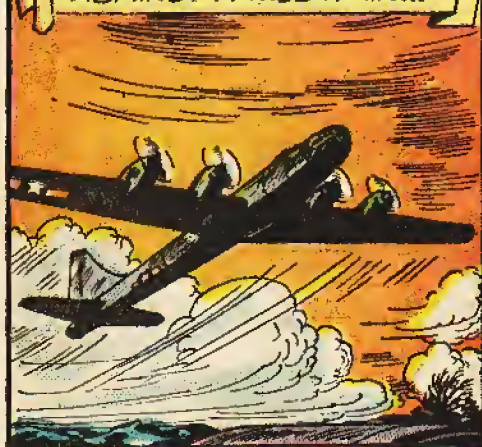
THE REDS ARE BUILDING THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN. PROBABLY A NEW SUPPLY ROUTE. IF THEY CAN GET IT THROUGH, THE 8TH ARMY STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF GETTING ITS WESTERN FLANK TURNED. WE WANT THAT MOUNTAIN BLOWN **SKY-HIGH!**



YOU'LL USE A STRIPPED-DOWN 29, SO YOU'LL GET SOME MORE SPEED OUT OF IT! AND YOU'RE CARRYING SIX ONE THOUSAND POUNDS! IT HAS TO BE JUST ONE SHIP, 'CAUSE IF A WHOLE MISSION WENT OUT, THE RED AIR FORCE WOULD BE WAITING FOR IT! IT'S UP TO YOU HOW YOU CARRY OUT THE BOMB RUN...BUT DON'T MISS, MILLER... **DON'T MISS!**



A FEW DAYS LATER, A LONE B-29 ROSE SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...THE FIRST LEG IN ITS MISSION AGAINST A MOUNTAIN...



GEE, IT SURE IS LONELY WITHOUT THE REST OF THE CREW CHATTERING ON THE INTERPHONE!

NUTS! THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN WE CAN HANDLE IT **ALONE!** YOU HEARD WHAT THE COLONEL SAID...NOW GIVE ME SOME MORE THROTTLE ON NO. 3 ENGINE...LET'S SEE HOW FAST THIS CRATE CAN **REALLY GO!**



THE B-29 CRUISED ALONG UNCHECKED TOWARD NORTH KOREA. BUT THEN...

**BELOW US!
A YANKEE
BOMBER...AND
ALONE! LET'S
TAKE IT!**



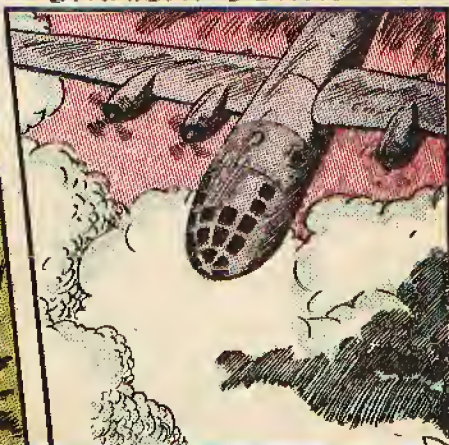
**BANDITS! LET'S
GET OUTA HERE,
WOODY...**

ARRGH!

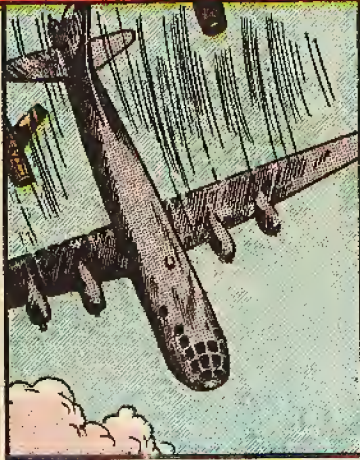


HE'S DEAD! THAT FIRST BURST GOT HIM! WELL, THEY AIN'T TAKIN' ME... HERE'S WHERE WOODY BECOMES A REAL FLY-BOY!

WOODY KICKED THE STICK FORWARD AND THE BIG SHIP WENT INTO A DIVE... STRAIGHT DOWN!

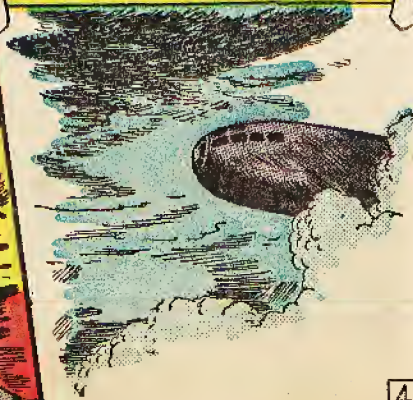


DOWN AND DOWN THE "HEAVY" PLUMMETED. STRAIGHT AT THE GROUND THAT SEEMED TO BE RISING TO MEET IT. AND AT THE LAST INSTANT, BY BRUTE STRENGTH, LT. WOODY MILLER, PULLED THE BIG SHIP OUT OF IT... JUST IN TIME TO SEE...



TWO OF THEM! THEY COULDN'T PULL OUT IN TIME! C'MON, HONEY, LET'S WHEEL AND DEAL, WE STILL GOT COMPANY!

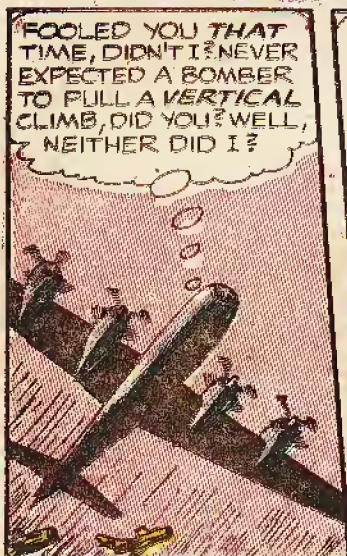
GETTING THE JUMP ON THE TWO REMAINING MIGS, MILLER PULLED THE B-29 INTO THE SHELTER OF A FRIENDLY CLOUD...



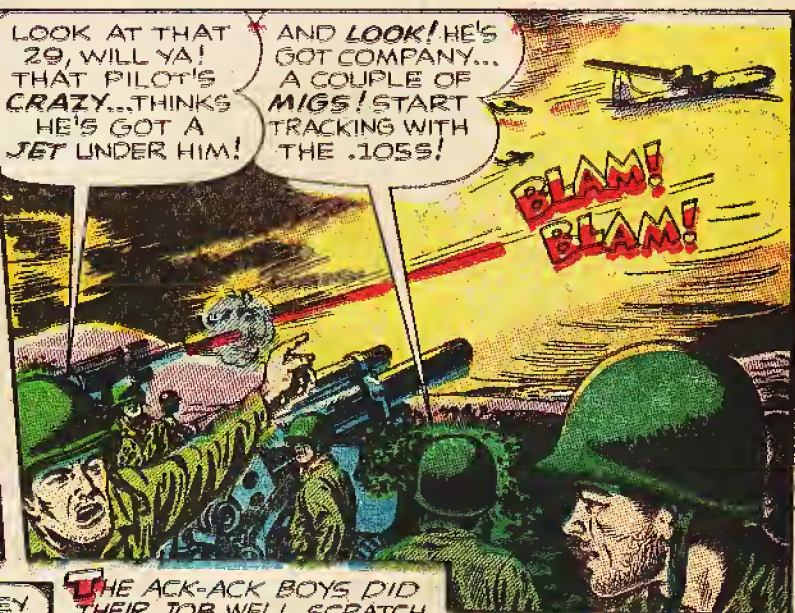


I'M SAFE IN HERE FOR A WHILE, BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! HMMM...ABOUT THIRTY MILES TO HEARTBREAK RIDGE...OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO MAKE THAT! GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE PLANNED UP THERE!

The BOMBER PULLED OUT OF THE SAFETY OF THE FRIENDLY CLOUD, AND ONCE AGAIN THE CHASE WAS ON!



FOOLED YOU THAT TIME, DIDN'T I? NEVER EXPECTED A BOMBER TO PULL A VERTICAL CLIMB, DID YOU? WELL, NEITHER DID I?



LOOK AT THAT 29, WILL YA! THAT PILOT'S CRAZY...THINKS HE'S GOT A JET UNDER HIM!

AND LOOK! HE'S GOT COMPANY... A COUPLE OF MIGS! START TRACKING WITH THE .105S!

BLAM!
BLAM!



HEY, HE'S COMING BACK! BET THEY DON'T EVEN SUSPECT THEM IN FOR WHAT HE'S DOING! THIS SHOULD BE LIKE KNOCKING OFF CLAY PIGEONS! START FIRING!

THE ACK-ACK BOYS DID THEIR JOB WELL. SCRATCH TWO MIGS!



MILLER CAME BACK FOR ANOTHER RUN OVER THE GUNNERS...HAD TO SAY THANKS, DIDN'T HE?

BETTER STAY ON THE DECK. CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER CHANCE ON BEING SPOTTED! I OUGHTA BE ON TARGET IN ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES, AND I GOTTA TAKE IT FROM THIS HEIGHT. I'M ONLY GETTING **ONE CRACK** AT IT... CAN'T AFFORD TO **MISS!**



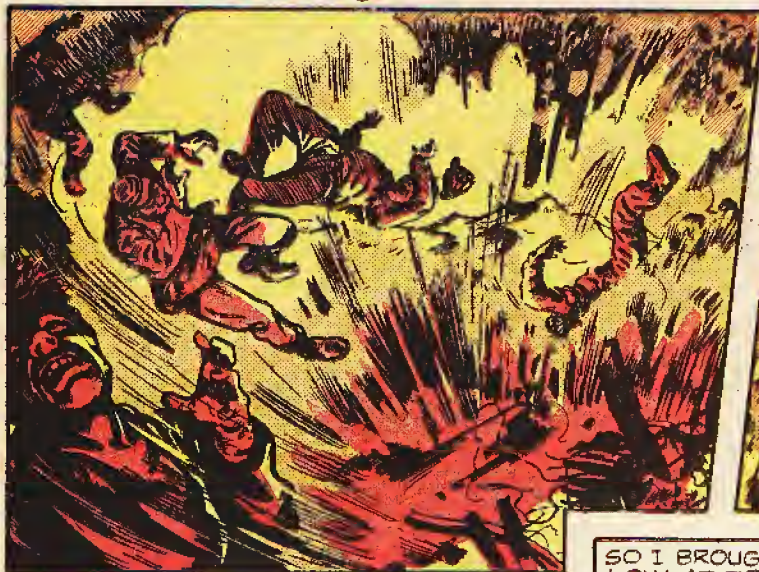
MILLER CAME IN RIGHT ON THE TARGET! THE REDS WERE SO STUNNED BY THE AUDACITY OF THE ATTACK, THAT THEY OFFERED NO DEFENSE... HE HAD CAUGHT THEM WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN!



THE THREE TONS OF DESTRUCTION WERE RELEASED... THREE TONS THAT WERE TO DESTROY A YEAR'S WORK IN A FEW TERRIFYING MOMENTS!



ON TARGET! SCRATCH ONE MOUNTAIN!



THE BIG BABY MADE IT! DESPITE THE BEATING AND THE POUNDING, SHE CAME HOME TO ROOST!



LOST AN ENGINE! BUT IT WAS **WORTH** IT! AND THIS BABY CAN TAKE IT! C'MON, HONEY, WE'RE GOING HOME... I GOT A DATE WITH SOME JET PILOTS!



SO I BROUGHT HER IN LOW AT TREE-TOP... PULLED BACK ON THE STICK, AND LAID THE EGGS RIGHT IN THEIR LAPS!



...AND SO ENDED THE SAGA OF A **METER READER**. OF **LT. WOODY MILLER**, THE BOMBER PILOT WHO WANTED TO FLY THE PEASHOOTERS... AND WHO **DID!** WHO DID IT BY WHEELING AND DEALING, AND BY PUSHING A "HEAVY" ALL OVER THE SKYLINE LIKE IT HAD NEVER BEEN DONE BEFORE! A PILOT'S A PILOT NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF A SHIP YOU PUT HIM IN... EVEN IN A "TAXI-CAB"!

CURVE BALLING MARINE

I HEARD the sharp report as I rounded the barracks! Gook snipers! I hit the dirt and wondered how they had managed to infiltrate through our lines. We were a good forty miles from the front, and we hadn't seen a Commie for two weeks . . . and now they were within sniping distance of our rest camp!

I flinched as I heard the "snap" again. I dug further into the ground, trying to show as little of my body as possible. No sense in giving them too much of a target! If only the rest of my squad would learn to take cover this way, we wouldn't be back in this rest camp now waiting for some replacements.

I looked up as the sound of laughter bounced against my ears. This wasn't funny . . . the guy who was laughing ought to have his head examined! Then I saw him. A long string-bean type of character with a shock of red hair standing in front of me with his hands on his hips. And laughing so hard that the tears were streaming down his face!

Sheepishly I got to my feet and brushed the dirt from my green fatigues. Deliberately I walked over to the redhead. I shoved my face up at his and grabbed at his lapels.

"What's so funny, Marine?"

Powerful hands gripped my wrists and slowly twisted them off his collar.

"I don't like guys pawing me, even if they are sergeants! And if you think the sound of a baseball banging into a catcher's mitt sounds like rifle fire, I got every right in the world to think it's funny!"

Then, for the first time, I noticed the baseball glove stuck in his hip pocket and the other Marine with the catcher's glove and baseball. The two of them had been having a catch!

"What are you doing playing baseball? Don't you know there's a war going on?"

"Yeah, but it ain't going to last forever. And I gotta be ready to take up where I left off!"

The little guy with the catcher's glove butted in. "Yeah, don't you know who this is, Sarge? This is 'Lefty' Al Adams, who just signed a contract with the New York Giants. Only he got drafted before the season started."

I had heard the name before, read it in the sporting pages of the Division newspaper.

"So what. So now he's a Marine and he's gonna act like one. Those ain't baseball flannels you're wearing Adams, they're green fatigues! And as long as you are wearing them, you'll forget all about baseball and practice being a soldier. And from the looks of things, it's gonna take a lot of practice!"

Adams eyed me up and down. This guy didn't like me. Well, he was gonna like me less before this war was over.

"My free time is my own, Sarge. And if I want to keep in shape that's my business."

"Well, your free time ends right now! From now on I'll have you on every detail I can think of! And the two of you can start at the mess tent!"

The little guy started to complain, but one word from Adams shut him up. The two of them spun on their heels and walked toward the mess hall muttering under their breath.

I picked up my helmet and started to walk back to C.Q. I had been pretty hard on Adams and there wasn't any need for it. Just didn't like being made a fool of, I guess. But a top sergeant has to have the respect of his men. If he doesn't, he might just as well rip off his stripes and forget about the whole thing.

"Hey, Hale, c'mon in, we just got our orders. The company's moving up!"

That was my boss, Lt. Andy Ruffin calling me into his tent.

"Good, we've been sitting around here too long anyway. My squad is beginning to get soft."

He grinned at that. He knew I was too hard on my boys to let them get lazy.

"The trucks will be here tomorrow at dawn. Have your men ready in front of the C.Q. They're ready to go, aren't they?"

"Sure, but I'm short two men. Collings and Morse still haven't gotten back from the hospital and I haven't had any replacements for them."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. A fella named Adams has been assigned to your squad. Also a guy named Rodgers. Saw them playing ball a while ago. You should be able to find them."

ADAMS! So I was to be blessed with his company! Well, I had seen worse looking Marines, so maybe I could make a soldier out of him.

The day dawned cold and bleak and the men complained as they hoisted themselves and their equipment onto the halftracks. Then they settled down for the long trip northward, huddling next to each other trying to keep warm.

From the cab of the truck I listened to their conversation. Or rather his conversation. For it was Adams who did all the talking. And the boys ate it up. It wasn't every day that they had a real major leaguer to talk to. He regaled them with talk of his exploits, and how he was gonna set the league on fire when he got back, and the boys loved it. He told them about his curve ball, and his fast ball, and his slow ball, and about the time he struck out Ted Williams in a spring training game

... there was no stopping him. After a while, it even got on the fellas' nerves. They had seen blow-offs before, and after three hours of Adams, had tagged him as one. The cold weather and the cold shoulder was too much for him, and he humped into his parka and settled back on the wooden seat.

He had to be the whole show, or he didn't want to play!

The trucks finally ground to a halt several hours later. Some weary GIs grinned as we unloaded and made the usual comments of one soldier to another. But they liked our being there ... misery loves company, I guess.

Lt. Ruffin stomped off through the snow with an Army captain and the rest of us huddled around a worn out campfire trying to get some warmth. An hour later he came back and motioned to us. We got our equipment together and trudged off in the direction of the ridge lines that jutted into the sky like bony fingers. That's where the gooks were dug in, and we were gonna dig 'em out!

We had almost reached the top before the gooks opened up on us. It took a few minutes before we spotted their position, and it was Adams who found it. He whistled in amazement as he pointed up at the side of the cliff. They were dug in in such a position that a grenade would only bounce off their protective covering. And grenades were the heaviest fire power we could muster. The entrance to the bunker was away from us, and the area was too open for anyone to sneak around in front and lob in a grenade. True, they couldn't pick any of us off, but it was a cinch that they could hold us up until their big guns came into play and plastered the area where we were. We had to get past that bunker, but fast!

We pulled back a way, and talked the situation over. Nobody came up with an answer until I looked at Adams. Then I had it.

"You're always talkin' about all the curves you can throw ... even struck out Ted Williams on one, didn't you? Well, how's about getting up as close as you can and hooking a grenade into the entrance? If you're half as good as you say, you should be able to do it. The GREAT LEFTY ADAMS should be able to do anything!"

He paled at that, but didn't say a word. Just hefted a few grenades in his hand and started for the base of the cliff. Had to admit, the guy had guts.

About half way there his pal grabbed him by the arm and spun him around. I could see the two arguing but couldn't catch a word of it. The little guy kept pointing at his arm and shoulder, but Adams kept shrugging it off and pointing back at me. Finally the little guy gave up and returned to our line. He didn't say a word, but kept watching Adams, who by this time was on his hands and knees inching his way toward the base of the cliff.

He made it without being seen and flattened himself against the stone. He unhooked the grenades, eyed the distance, and went into his motion. It was beautiful to watch ... almost as if he had been on the mound at the Polo Grounds pitching against the Brooklyn Dodgers. We held our breath as the grenade flew out, then cheered madly as it suddenly hooked in and down and right into the entrance of the bunker. We waited for the smoke to clear and then yelled as we saw the figure of Adams stalking back through the snow. All of us were too excited to notice the left arm hanging limply at his side. None of us but his pal, who went dashing out to meet him. The two of them talked for a while, with Rodgers poking at the arm every once in a while. He brought Adams back and then came over to me. Before I knew it, the punk had laid one right on my jaw.

The next thing I remember was passing the ruined bunker and heading up the rest of the slope. I finally cornered Rodgers.

"What did ya poke me for? Don't you know there's a law against hitting a non-com? Whatta matter, sore at me cause I sent your hero out to do a man's job!"

His lips curled up in a contemptuous sneer. "Adams is more of a man than you'll ever hope to be."

"Why, just cause he did a neat job with a grenade? That don't make a man outa him!"

"You're so blind, you don't see what you did to him. Just ruined his career, that's all! Lobbing a grenade is one thing, but throwing it like a baseball is another. Especially when you have to curve it. It rips your arm and shoulder muscles all outa kilter. So much so, that he'll never be able to throw a ball again! That's what you did to him!"

Now I understood the concern Rodgers showed for Adams. Now I understood a lot of things. There was more to fighting a war than just pushing a bunch of guys so hard that they took it out on the enemy. I had to make it up to Adams in some way ... even if it meant my job.

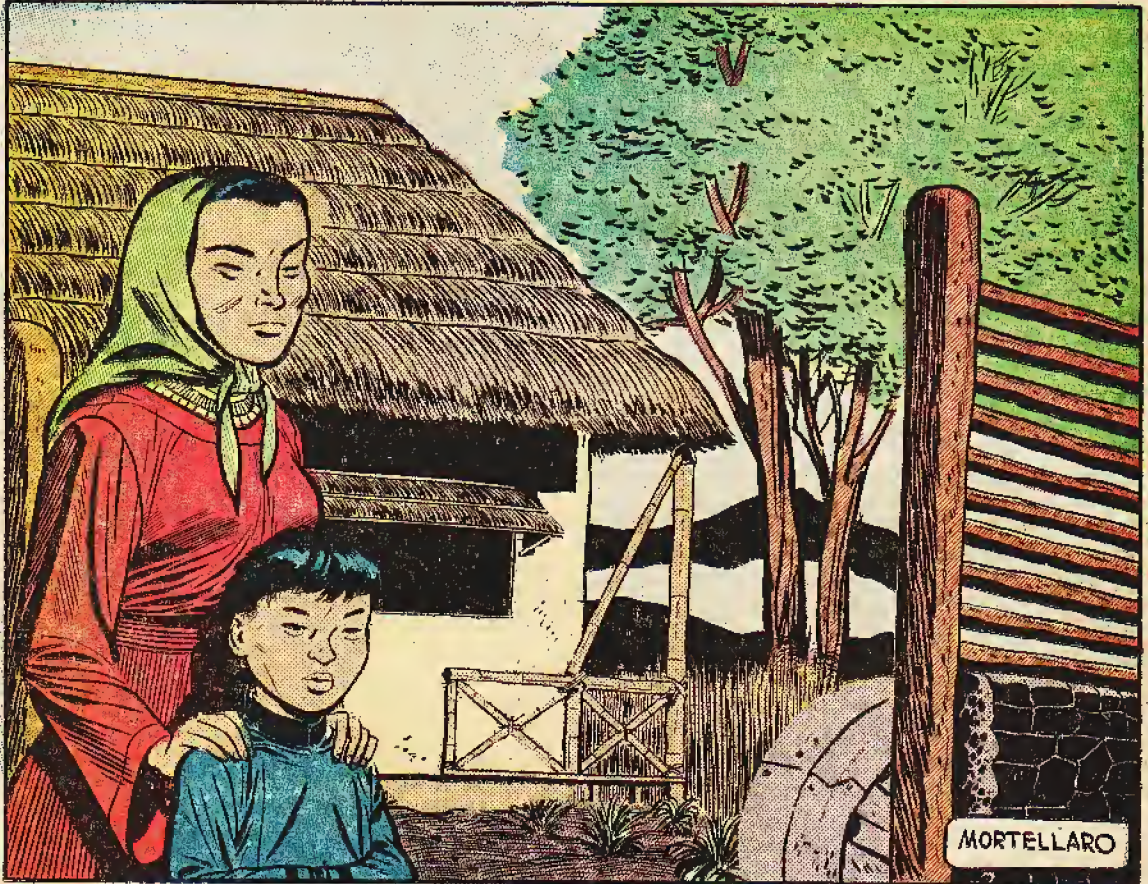
I had a talk with the medics, and they told me what I wanted to know. The rest of the guys didn't like shelling out, but when I told them the story, the money just poured in. At least most of it did, some I had to get other ways. But I got it, the thousands of dollars it would take to get an operation on that arm.

Adams didn't say much when he left us a couple of months later. Didn't even let on that he knew about the money. Just waved a fist at us and stepped into an airplane and that was that.

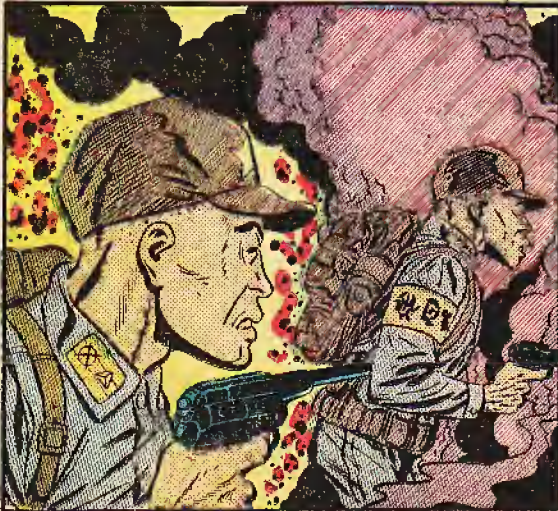
It's spring now. Baseball time. And there's a kid named Adams chucking for the Giants this season. At least trying to. And he'll stick. Anybody who throws a curve the way he does can't miss. I know. I saw him throw one.

A PLOT OF LAND!

... IT WASN'T MUCH, JUST A MUD HUT, A FEW DRIED OUT CROPS, AND A SMALL PLOT OF LAND... NO, IT WASN'T MUCH... BUT IT WAS HOME! AND A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE... NO MATTER WHAT IT IS...



BUT THE TIDE OF BATTLE RAGED OVER THE ... **DESOLATION!** A MAN'S HOPES AND DREAMS
SMALL PLOT OF LAND AND IN ITS WAKE LEFT... TRAMPLED IN THE MUD OF A PLOT OF LAND!



BUT TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE SPOILS. AND AS THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNED, THE SMALL PLOT OF LAND FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE YANKS...



DIG IN, YOU GYRENES... AND MAKE IT GOOD! WE'RE LIABLE TO BE HERE A LONG TIME!

AWGH! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID 'AT SEOUL... AND WE PULLED BACK THE NEXT DAY!



HOLY COW! WHAT A FARM! NOTHIN' BUT SAND AND ROCKS! NOW IF IT'S FARMIN' LAND YOU WANT, I GOT ME A SPOT ALL PICKED OUT IN KANSAS THAT'LL MAKE THIS PLACE LOOK LIKE A PRISON ROCK PILE!



HEY, LOOK AT THAT GOOK POKING AROUND! THINK MAYBE HE'S A SPY?

BETTER GO SEE, COOKE! CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' AROUND HERE, MAC? NOT THINKIN' OF SETTIN' ANY BOOBY TRAPS, ARE YA?

BOOBY TRAPS? N-NO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I... I JUST WANT TO BURY MY WIFE AND CHILD. IT IS ONLY PROPER THAT THEY REST ON THEIR OWN PROPERTY!



THIS PROPERTY YOURS? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! WHAT DO YA WANTA WORRY ABOUT THIS SAND TRAP. FOR?

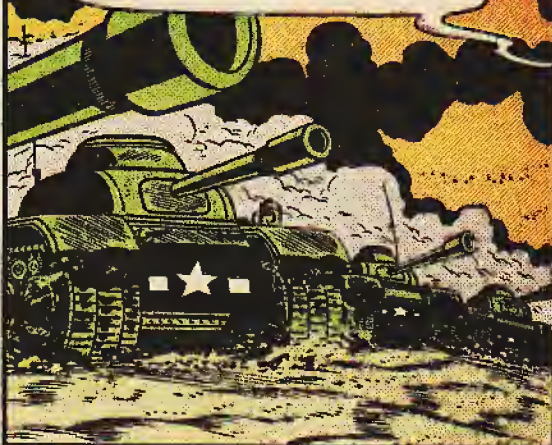
THIS SAND TRAP, AS YOU CALL IT, BELONGED TO MY FATHER'S FATHER BEFORE HIM AND IT WILL BELONG TO MY SON WHEN HE RETURNS! A MAN IS A KING WHEN HE OWNS A PLOT OF LAND!



THIS LAND IS NOTHIN', I TELL YA...**NOTHING!** RIGHT NOW, IT BELONGS TO THE MEN YA SEE OUT IN THOSE FOXHOLES! AND THEY'RE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS ROCKPILE WILL **EVER** BE!



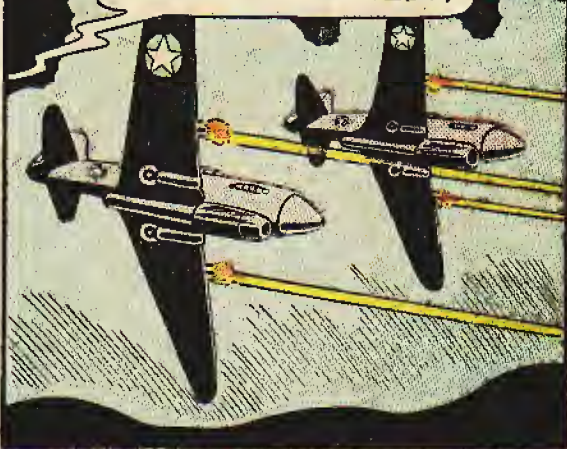
AND IF THE MEN CAN'T HOLD IT, THE **TANKS** WILL... TANKS CAN HOLD **ANY-THING**... EVEN SOMETHING AS UNIM-PORTANT AS **THIS PLOT!**



AND THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' GONNA GROW **HERE** FOR A LONG TIME... UNLESS YA CALL THOSE EMPTY 105 CASES SEEDLINGS!



AND IF YA NEED ANY FERTILIZER, THOSE FLY-BOYS WILL BE GLAD TO POUR IT ON FOR YA! THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD AT REAPIN' A HARVEST!



B-BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS WILL ALL PASS... IT WILL SOON...

NUTS TO THAT, MAC! AND EVEN IF IT DOES, WHAT HAVE YA GOT HERE? A **GARBAGE HEAP**, THAT'S ALL!



INCOMIN' MAIL!

HIT THE DIRT, MAC!



THE BATTLE RAGED BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE TINY PLOT OF LAND... FIRST ONE SIDE HAVING THE ADVANTAGE AND THEN THE OTHER. THE BLOOD FROM EACH ARMY SEEPED INTO THE SANDY SOIL... AS MEN GASPED, THEN DIED...



THE JUGGERNAUTS SPIT THEIR LEAD AND THEN WERE HIT BY HOT STEEL, AND THEY, TOO, COUGHED OUT THEIR GUTS INTO THE SMALL PLOT OF LAND!



THE ACCURATE COMMIE FLAK TRACED THE FIGHTER ACROSS THE SKY, AND THEN... WHAM! \$500,000 WORTH OF MACHINERY STAGGERED, THEN PLUNGED ITS WAY EARTH-WARD... PLOWING UP THE GROUND AND EXPLODING!



I'M HIT...
CORPSMAN!
CORPS...



THE WAR RAGED NORTHWARD, LEAVING IN ITS WAKE THE ASHES OF BATTLE, AND AS THE FARMER SAID...



...THE PLOT OF LAND IS SUPREME, FOR A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE. AND AFTER THIS IS ALL OVER, ONLY THE LAND WILL REMAIN, HARBORING TO ITS BREAST THE ASHES OF THE MEN WHO WOULD FIGHT TO PROVE THEIR SUPREMACY OVER IT!

A PINT OF PLASMA!

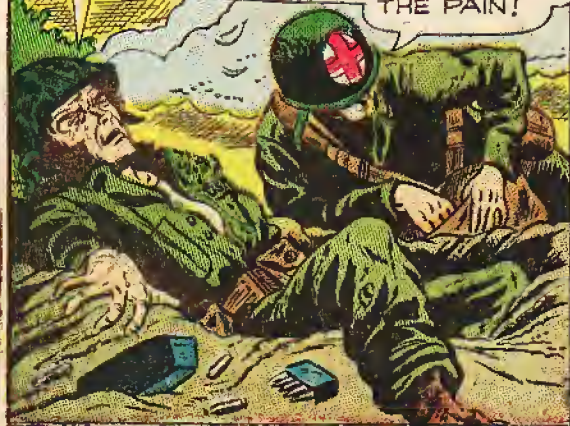
THIS ALL BEGAN AT GUADALCANAL... THE RUGGED CANAL... WHERE A MAN EASILY GAVE HIS BLOOD... AND JUST AS EASILY OF HIS LIFE! BUT DON LUND HAD ONLY TO GIVE HIS BLOOD THAT DAY...

I'M HIT! I'M HIT!
CORPSMAN!
CORPSMAN!



I DON'T WANT
TO DIE! I
DON'T WANT
TO DIE!

TAKE IT EASY, GYRENE...
EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE
OKAY! AS SOON AS I
GIVE YOU THIS MORPHINE,
YOU WON'T EVEN FEEL
THE PAIN!

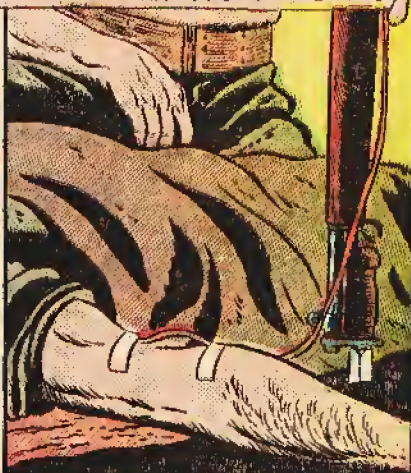


DIRTY YELLOW...I'LL GET
THEM FOR THIS! WHEN
THIS WAR IS OVER WE
OUGHTA BLOW THAT
ISLAND RIGHT OUT
OF THE WATER!



AT THAT MOMENT AN INBORN
HATRED OF THE JAPANESE WAS
INSTILLED IN DON'S MIND...A HATRED
HE WOULD NEVER GET OVER...

DON HAD LOST A LOT OF BLOOD AND IT WAS NECESSARY TO REPLACE IT. THEY HUNG THE PINT OF PLASMA OVER HIM AND THE CRIMSON LIFE-GIVING FLUID PULSED DOWN THE RUBBER TUBE AND INTO HIS ARM...AND A MAN'S LIFE WAS SAVED BECAUSE OF IT!



BUT DON WAS NO LONGER A FIGHTING MAN BY MARINE STANDARDS AND THEY SHIPPED HIM HOME...AND HE DIDN'T LIKE IT!

AS FAR AS THIS WAR WAS CONCERNED, IT WAS ALL OVER FOR DON... AND HE WAS DISCHARGED...



I'LL GET EVEN WITH THOSE JAPS...IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! I'LL GET EVEN!



HERE YOU ARE, PRIVATE... YOUR DISCHARGE PAPERS! THE MARINES ARE PROUD OF YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR... BUT I ONLY DID MY SHARE! IF IT WASN'T FOR THE JAPS I'D STILL BE OUT ON THOSE ISLANDS DOING IT!

TIME PASSED QUICKLY AND BEFORE THE NATION COULD FORGET ABOUT ONE WAR, IT WAS INVOLVED IN ANOTHER!



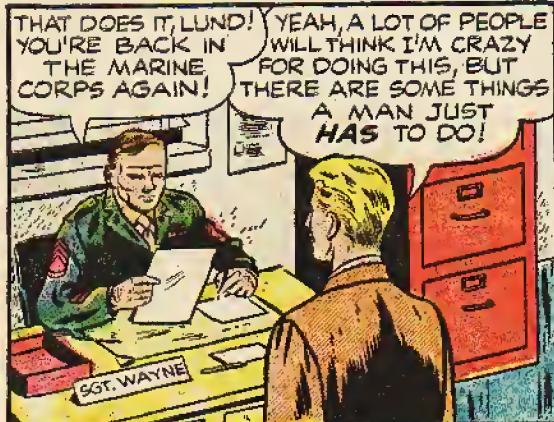
WAR AGAIN! THINK I'LL DO MY SHARE BY GIVING BACK THAT PINT OF BLOOD... CAN'T TELL WHOSE LIFE IT MAY SAVE!



THERE! THAT DIDN'T HURT, DID IT?

NAAW! PEOPLE HAVE THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT IT! AND WILL YOU SEE THIS PINT GOES TO THE MARINES, NURSE... I GOT A DEBT I'D LIKE TO REPAY!

THE MONTHS PASSED QUICKLY AND STILL THE FIGHTING IN KOREA CONTINUED... AND FINALLY...



THAT DOES IT, LUND! YOU'RE BACK IN THE MARINE CORPS AGAIN!

YEAH, A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M CRAZY FOR DOING THIS, BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS A MAN JUST HAS TO DO!

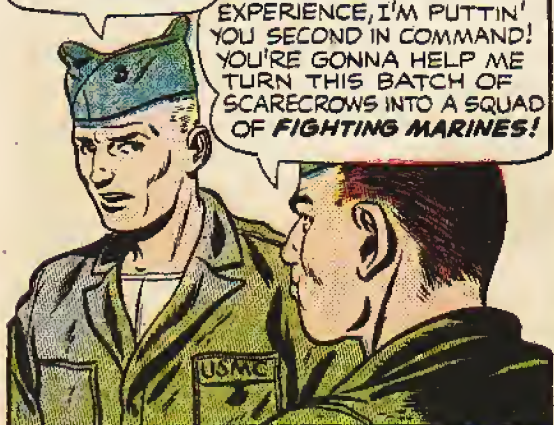
DON LUND...YA OLD GOOF-OFF! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT DAY YOU WERE HIT AT THE CANAL!

SARGE! YA OLD WARHORSE! BOY, IT SURE IS GOOD TO SEE SOMEBODY I KNOW! ALL I SEE DOWN HERE ARE YOUNG RECRUITS! US OLD TIME MARINES BETTER STICK TOGETHER!



HAVEN'T SEEN THE BOYS SINCE '46! ANY OF THE OLD SQUAD STILL AROUND?

NAAW! ALL I'VE GOT NOW ARE A BUNCH OF YOUNG KIDS IN MY SQUAD! AND SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WITH ANY EXPERIENCE, I'M PUTTIN' YOU SECOND IN COMMAND! YOU'RE GONNA HELP ME TURN THIS BATCH OF SCARECROWS INTO A SQUAD OF **FIGHTING MARINES!**



ALL RIGHT, NOW ANSWER **HERE** WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR NAMES!

HERE!

HERE!
HERE!

LARSON...COHEN...WARD... DUNN...YAMASHITA... MORSE... **HEY!** WAIT A MINUTE!



SO NOW WE'VE GOT **JAPS** IN THE MARINES! BROTHER, WHAT'S THIS ARMY COMING TO? TELL ME, JAP...EVER BEEN ON GUADALCANAL?

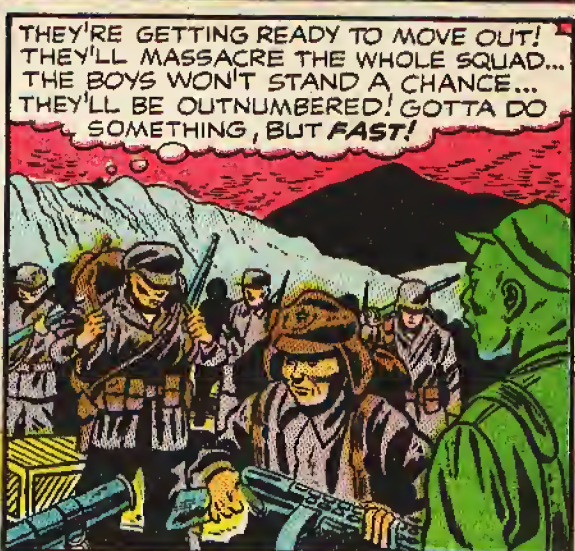
YES, SIR, BUT I WAS...



I DON'T CARE **WHAT** YOU WAS.. ALL I KNOW IS YOU **WERE** ON "THE CANAL"! FOR ALL I KNOW **YOU** MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO THREW THE GRENADE THAT GOT ME! BUT NOW I'M OUT TO GET **YOU!** I'M GONNA BE ROUGH AS A COB ON YOU, JAP...SO STAY OUTA MY WAY AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN!

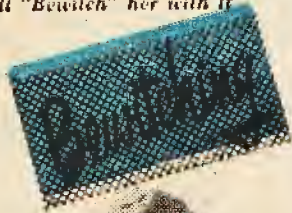


A FEW WEEKS LATER AND THE SQUAD WAS IN FIGHTING TRIM. A FEW MONTHS LATER AND THEY WERE USING THEIR KNOWLEDGE TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE... ON THE BLOODY PENINSULA OF KOREA!





She'll be your "Dream Girl"
You'll "Bewitch" her with it



Daring
"BLACK
MAGIC"



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion finery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 103,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40
IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Heaven Sent

Oriental Magic



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transporting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 272,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40
IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

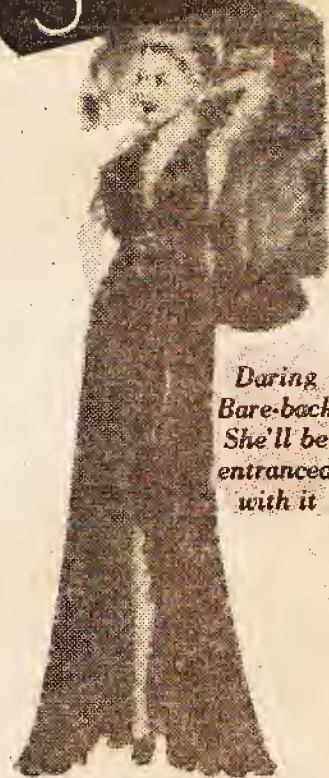
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Black Sorcery



Daring
Bare-back
She'll be
entranced
with it

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurements, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 392,
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

() I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90¢ postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

() I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40
IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

LEARN TO DANCE

IN YOUR OWN HOME... in **1** WEEK... or
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

**Sensational New "Tell-and-Show" Way
 Enables You To Learn A Complete,
 New Dance Each Evening!**

**NOW
 DANCE
 THE**

This new speed-method makes learning to dance so simple, quick and easy — you will amaze your friends in one single week! You'll be able to say "good-bye" to loneliness and "hello" to fun and romance. Of course, if you enjoy being a wallflower this easy, quick, self-teaching method is not for you. But, if you want to get out of your rut and start living — send for this Complete Dance Instruction Course on our **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** You have nothing to lose, and popularity and good times to gain, so act now! For your promptness, we include without extra charge, a wonderful book of Square Dances.



A picture of a dancing couple shows you each step and movement; easy follow-the-foot-print drawings for every step of each complete dance. Simple-to-read instructions. All together, this new speed-method makes it easy and quick to learn to dance.



**FOX-TROT RHUMBA
 SAMBA CONGA
 TANGO LINDY JITTERBUG
 SQUARE DANCES**

BE POPULAR... GET MORE FUN OUT OF LIFE

The good dancers have the best times... get the most invitations. Here's your chance to own this new, complete, Short-Cut Course

to expert dancing. And, **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** if it isn't everything we say it is. The bonus book of Square Dances is yours.



**BONUS
 for
 PROMPTNESS**

Act today — and for your promptness we send you, without extra charge, a complete book of Square Dances. To mail this coupon cut!



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

You must learn to dance, in the privacy of your own home, in 7 days, or you may return the Complete Course of Dance Instruction for immediate refund of double your purchase price. The Bonus Book of Square Dances is yours to keep.

PICKWICK CO.

Box 463, Middown Sta., New York 18, N. Y.

**COMPLETE COURSE OF
 DANCE INSTRUCTION ONLY \$1.98**

MAIL DOUBLE REFUND COUPON NOW!

PICKWICK CO., Dept. SPM,

Box 463, Middown Station, New York 18

Send, at once, the Complete Course of Dance Instruction. For my promptness, include the Book of Square Dances. On delivery, will pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. If not delighted and thrilled within 7 days, may return the Dance Course for REFUND OF DOUBLE THE PURCHASE PRICE. The Book of Square Dances is mine to keep.

Name

Address

City Zone State

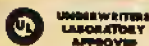
☐ **SAVE MONEY:** Send payment now, and we pay the 48c postage. No APO, FPO, or Foreign C.O.D.'s.

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

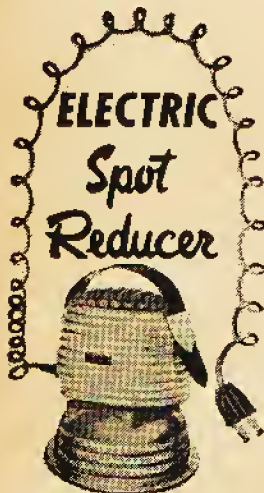
MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH



Spot Reducer

**Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage**

FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use spot REDUCER with or without electricity—Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



**PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY**



TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking
HEALTH

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handily made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. B-20,
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

City State

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges! Some money back guarantee applies.

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

**LOSE WEIGHT
OR NO CHARGE**

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

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SAILORS

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MARINES

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YOUR OWN TASK FORCE

Now you can be Commander in Chief of this complete task force. Have pitched battles, gunnery drills, deploy your troops for attack and defense. Here's a complete army . . . 50 pieces in all including soldiers, sailors, marines, PT boat, Howitzers, tanks, planes, and ships. You'll be thrilled and delighted with this complete task force. Nothing else like it!

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Here's a great collection of military toys yours for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun and pleasure with this wonderful set. Every piece made of plastic in realistic scale. Precision formed of Styrene...nothing like it has ever been offered at this price. Rush your order now. 6" long die cut cannon that shoots harmless bombs included in your order NOW!

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Supplies Limited! Don't delay. Rush name and address and \$1 for each set. Your complete 50-piece task force will be shipped by return mail. Sorry no COD's. Rush your dollar today.

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I enclose at \$1 per set. Rush
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